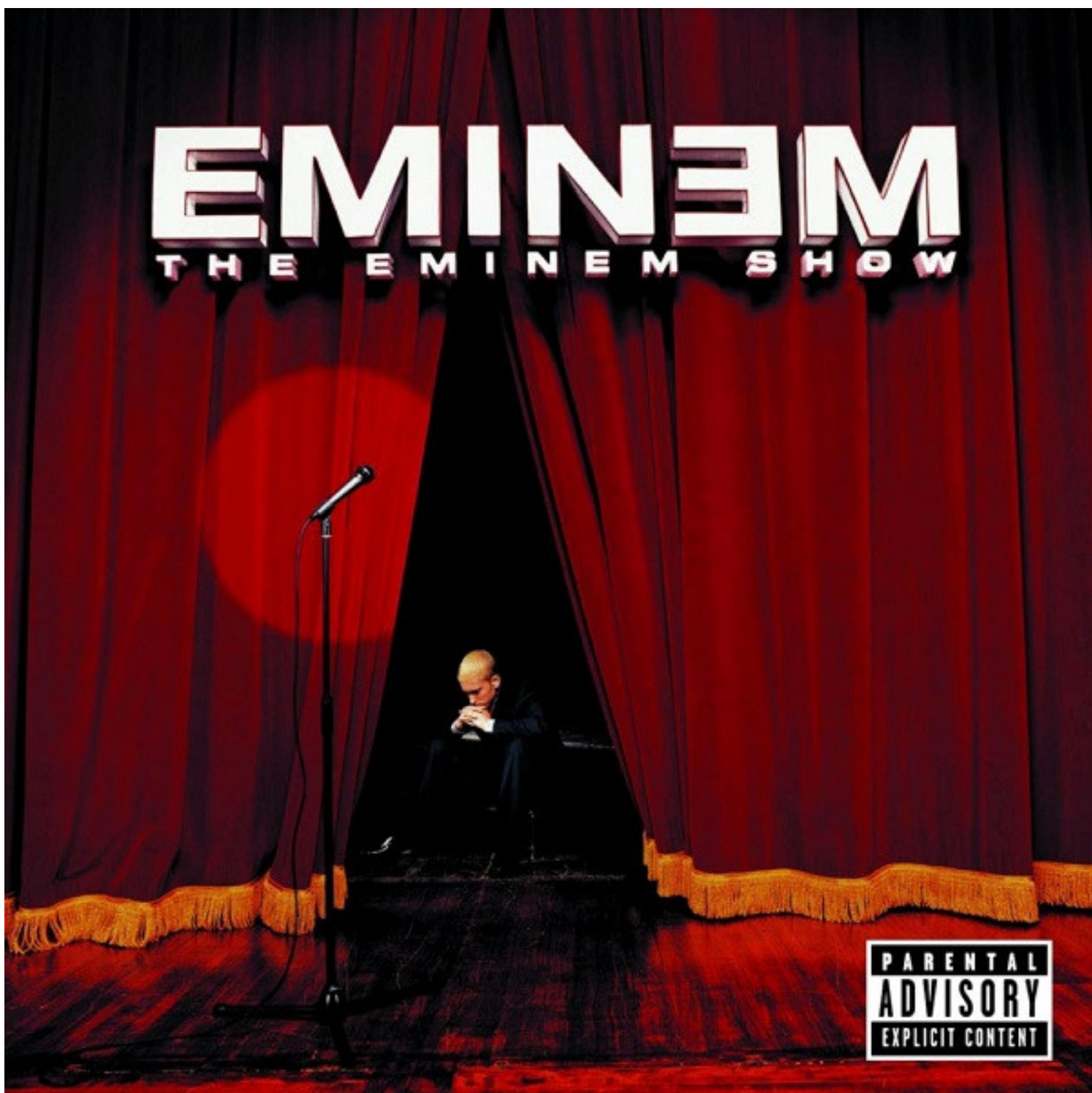


EMINEM

THE EMINEM SHOW



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Curtains Up (Skit) Lyrics

(*Prod. by Eminem)

{*Curtains up*}

{*Applausing*}

{*Footsteps*}

{*Mic Squeek*}

{*Taps Mic*}

[Eminem:]

K-ahm! Hhhh...

Eminem - White America Lyrics

America
Ha ha ha
We love you

How many people are proud to be
Citizens of this beautiful country of ours?
The stripes and the stars for the rights of men
Who have died for the protect?
The women and men who have broke their necks
For the freedom of speech
The United States Government has sworn to uphold
(Yo, I want everyone to listen to the words of this song)
Or so we're told

I never would a dreamed in a million years I'd see
So many mothafuckin' people who feel like me
Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs
Its like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me
So many lives I touched
So much anger aimed at no particular direction
Just sprays and sprays straight through your radio waves
It plays and plays till it stays stuck in your head
For days and days
Who would a thought standin' in this mirror
Bleachin' my hair wit some peroxide
Reachin' for a T shirt to wear
That I would catapult to the fore front of rap like this
How can I predict my words and have an impact like this
I musta struck a chord wit somebody up in the office
Cuz Congress keeps tellin' me
I ain't causin' nottin' but problems
And now they sayin' Im in trouble wit the government
I'm lovin' it
I shoveled shit all my life and now I'm dumpin' it on

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids

(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

Look at these eyes baby blue baby just like ourself
If they were brown
Shady lose, shady sits on the shelf, but shady is cute
Shady knew shady's dimples would help
Make ladies swoon baby
(Ooo baby)
Look at myself,
Lets do the math if I was black I woulda sold half
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln high school to know that
But I can rap so fuck school
I'm too cool to go back gimme the mic
Show me where the fuckin' studio's at
When I was underground no one gave a fuck I was white
No lables wanted to sign me
Almost gave up, I was like 'Fuck it'
Until I met Dre, the only one who looked past
Gave me a chance and I lit a fire up under his ass
Helped him get back to the top
Every fan black that I got was probably his in exchange
For every white fan that he's got like damn we just swapped
Sittin' back look at this shit wow
I'm like 'My skin, is it startin' to work to my benefit now?'

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

See the problem is I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist
These moms probly woulda never gave two squirts of piss

Till I created so much mothafuckin' turbulence
Straight out the tube right into ya livin' rooms I came
And kids flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre
Thats all it took and they were instantly hooked right in
And they connected wit me too 'cuz I looked like them
That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope
Searchin' wit a fine toothed comb
Its like this rope waitin' to choke tightenin' around my throat
Watchin' me while I write this like
'I dont like this, no'
All I hear is lyrics, lyrics constant controversy
Sponsors workin' round the clock
To try to stop my concerts early
Surely 'Hip Hop' is never a problem in Harlem only in Boston
After it bothered ya fathers of daughters startin' to blossom
Now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists
When they raggin'
Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch
And say faggot shit
Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal
A poster child
The mothafuckin' spokesman now

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

So to the parents of America
I am the damager aimed at little Erica
To attack her character
The ring leader of the circus of worthless pawns
Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of Congress
And piss on the lawns of the White House
To burn the casket and replace it
With a parental advisory sticker
To spit liquor in the faces of this democracy of hypocrisy
Fuck you Ms Cheeney

Fuck you tipper Gore
Fuck you with the freeness of speech
This divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have
Fuck you
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Oooh)
Ha ha ha
I'm just playin' America, you know I love you

Eminem - Business Lyrics

Marshall, sounds like an S.O.S
Holy whack unlyrical lyrics Andre, you're fuckin' right
To the rap mobile, let's go
(Marshall marshall)
Bitches and gentleman
It's show time
Hurry, hurry step right up
Introducin' the star of our show, his name is
(Marshall)
You wouldn't wanna be anywhere else in the world right now
So without further ado, I bring to you
(Marshall)

You 'bout to witness hip hop in its
Most purest, most rawest form, flow almost flawless
Most hardest, most honest, known artist
Chip off the old block but old doc is back

Looks like Batman brought his own Robin
Oh god, Saddam's got his own Laden
With his own private plane, his own pilot
Set to blow college dorm room doors off the hinges

Oranges, peach, pears, plums, syringes
Yeah, here I come
I'm inches away from you, here, fear none
Hip hop is in a state of nine one one, so

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform miracles
Gee willikers Dre, holy Bat Syllables
Look at all the bullshit that goes on in Gotham
When I'm gone time to get rid of these rap criminals

So, skip to ya lou, while I do what I do best
You ain't even impressed no more, you used to it

Flows too wet, nobody close to it
Nobody says it was till everyone knows the shit

The most hated on outta all those who say they get hated
On eighties songs
Exaggerate it all so much
They make it all up
There's no such thing

Like a female with good looks who cooks and cleans
It just means so much more to so much more
People when you rappin' and you know what for
The show must go on, so I'd like to welcome y'all
To Marshall and Andre's carnival

Come on
Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

It's just like old times, the dynamic duo
Two old friends, why panic?
You already know who's fully capable, the two caped heroes
Dial straight down the center eight zero zero

You can even call collect, the most feared duet
Since me and Elton, play career Russian Roulette
And never even seen me blink get me bustin' a sweat
People steppin' over people just to rush to the set

Just to get to see an MC who breathes so freely
Ease over these beats, and be so breezy
Jesus, how can shit be so easy?
How can one Chandra be so levy?

Turn on these beats MC's don't see me
Believe me, BET and MTV
Are gonna grieve when we leave, dawg for sheezy
Can't leave rap alone the game needs me

'Til we grow beards, get weird and disappear
Into the mountains
Nothin' but clowns down here
But we ain't fuckin' around 'round here

Yo Dre
Whuddup?
Can I get a hell yea?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

So there you have it folks
Marshall
Has come to save the day
Back with his friend Andre
And to remind you that bullshit does not pay
Because
Marshall
And Andre are here to stay and never go away
Until our dying day, until we're old and gray
Marshall
So until next time friends
Same blonde hair, same rap channel
Goodnight everyone, thank you for coming
Your host for the evening
Marshall
Oh hah

Eminem - Cleanin' Out My Closet Lyrics

Where's my snare?
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go, yeah, yo yo

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against?
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind

All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evenin'

Leaving with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out
Look at me now, I betcha probably sick of me now
Ain't you mama? I 'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin out my closet, ha"

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it
I'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD

I was a baby maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed my goodbye
No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die

I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side
Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work wit her
At least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today

What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun
'Cause I'd of killed 'em, shit I would've shot Kim and them both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show

I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet, ha"

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't
'Til I grew up, now I blew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't it?

Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma?
But guess what, ya gettin' older now and it's cold when yaw lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that you're phony

And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral
See what hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong
Screw this song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom

But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in Hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!

I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet"

Eminem - Square Dance Lyrics

People! It feels so good to be back
Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing the new
And improved, you know who

Never been the type to bend or budge
The wrong button to push, no friend of Bush
I'm the center piece, you're a Maltese
I'm a pitbull off his leash, all this peace talk can cease
All these people I had to leave in limbo
I'm back now, I've come to release this info
I'll be brief and let me just keep shit simple
Can a bitch don't want no beef with Slim
No! Not even on my radar
So won't you please jump off my dick, lay off and stay off
And follow me as I put these crayons to chaos
From sÃ©ance to sÃ©ance

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

Let your hair down to the track, yeah kick on back
The Boogiemonster of rap, yeah the man's back
With a plan to ambush this Bush administration
Mush the Senate's face in, push this generation
Of kids to stand and fight for the right to say somethin'
You might not like, this white hot light
That I'm under, no wonder I look so sunburnt
Oh no I won't leave no stone unturned
Oh no I won't leave, won't go nowhere
Do si do, oh yo ho, hello there

Oh yeah, don't think I won't go there
Go to Beirut and do a show there
Yeah you laugh till your motherfuckin' ass gets drafted
While you're at band camp thinkin' the crap can't happen
'Til you fuck around, get an anthrax napkin
Inside a package wrapped in Saran Wrap wrappin'
Open the plastic and then you stand back gaspin'
Fuckin' assassins, hijackin' Amtraks, crashin'
All this terror, America demands action

Next thing you know, you've got Uncle Sam's ass askin'
To join the army or what you'll do for their navy

You just a baby, gettin' recruited at eighteen
You're on a plane now, eatin their food and their baked beans
I'm twenty-eight, they gon'
Take you 'fore they take me
Crazy insane, or insane crazy?
When I say Hussein, you say Shady
My views ain't changed, still inhumane, wait
Arraigned two days late, the date's today, hang me

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

Nothin' moves me more than a groove that soothes me
Nothin' soothes me more than a groove that boosts me
Nothin' boosts me more, or suits me beautifully
There's nothin' you can do to me, stab me shoot me
Psychotic hypnotic product, I got it the antibiotic
Ain't nobody hotter and so on and yada yada
God I talk a lotta hum de lay de la la
Oochie walla walla, um di da dah da dah but you gotta gotta
Keep movin, there's more music to make

Keep makin new shit, produce hits to break
The monotony, what's gotten into me?
Drugs, rock, and Hennessey, thug like I'm 'Pac on my enemies
On your knees, got you under siege
Somebody you would give a lung to be
Hungry, like a fuckin' younger me
Fuck the fee, I can get you jumped for free
Yeah buddy, laugh it's funny, I have the money
To have you killed by somebody who has nothing
I'm past bluffing, pass the KY
Let's get ready for some intense, serious ass fucking!

(Dr. Dre)
Wants to square dance with me
(Nasty nas)
Wants to square dance with me
(X to the Z)
Wants to square dance with me
(Busta rhymes)
Wants to square dance with me

(Cana bitch)
Won't square dance with me
(Fan a bitch)
Won't square dance with me
(Canada bis)
Don't want no parts of me
Dirty dozen
Wants to square dance with you
Yee haw

Eminem - The Kiss (Skit) Lyrics

I'm gonna kill this bitch
I'm a kill him
I'm going to fuckin' jail
'Cuz I'm gonna kill this bitch
Yo man
What?
I don't know
I gotta really, really bad feelin' about this
Man would you shut the fuck up
You always gotta bad feelin' man
That's her car right there
Aight let me park
Just park
I'm parkin'
Fuckin', turn the car off dog
Aight
Aight we wait
We wait for what?
We wait until she comes out
And then I'm gonna fuckin' kill her
Man, you ain't gonna kill no one
What the fuck did you bring that for?
Man shut the fuck up dog
Just shut up, the fuckin' clip is empty
Man, don't point that shit at me
It's not even loaded bitch, look
Dude, God I fuckin' hate it when you do that shit
Yea, but it's funny as fuck
Muthafucka I'm gonna kill you
One of these days, I swear
Gets you every time
Is that her?
Where?
Right there mothafucka
Ooh, yeah
Aight get down, get down
Fuck, what you doing to her?
Get down
What the fuck you want me to get under the car?
Yo, who she walkin' with?
How the fuck am I suppose to know?
You told me to duck down
It's the fuckin' bouncer
Did she just kiss him?
I don't think so
Dog, she just fuckin' kissed him
No she didn't

She's kissin' him dog

No she's not

Oh shit

Come on

Mutherfucker

No

Eminem - Soldier Lyrics

I'm a soldier
I'm a soldier
(Na na na nah na na nah)
I'm a soldier
I'm a soldier

Yo, never was a thug, just infatuated with guns
Never was a gangsta till I graduated to one
And got the rep of a villain for weapon concealin'
Took the image of a thug kept shit appealin'
Willin' to stick out my neck for respect if it meant life or death
Never live to regret what I said
When you're me, people just wanna see, if it's true, if it's you
What you say In your raps, what you do
So they feel, as part of your obligation to fulfill
When they see you on the streets, face to face, are you for real
In confrontation ain't no conversation, if you feel you're in violation
Any hesitation will get you killed
If you feel it, kill it, if you conceal it, reveal it
Bein' reasonable will leave you full of bullets, pull it
Squeeze it till it's empty, tempt me, push me, pussies
I need a good reason to give this trigger a good squeeze

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I love pissin' you off, hits me off, like my lawyers
When the fuckin' judge lets me off
All you motherfuckas gotta do is set me off
I'll violate and all the motherfuckin' bets be off
I'm a lit fuse, anything I do bring it's news
Pistol whippin' motherfuckin' bouncers, six-two, who needs bullets?
Soon as I pull it, you sweat bullets

An excellent method to get rid of the next bully
It's actually better 'cause instead of you murderin'
You can hurt 'em and come back again and kick dirt at 'em
It's like pourin' salt in the wounds, assault and get sued
You can smell the lawsuits soon as I waltz in the room
Everybody halts and stops, calls the cops
All you see is bitches comin' out their halter tops
Runnin' and duckin' out to the hot rocks parkin' lot
You'll all get shot, whether its your fault or not, 'cuz

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I spit it slow so these kids know that I'm talkin' to 'em
Give it back to these damn critics and sock it to 'em
I'm like a thug, with a little bit of Pac influence
I spew it, and look how I got you bitches rockin' to it
You motherfuckas could never do it like I could do it
Don't even try it you'll look stupid, do not pursue it
Don't ever in your life, try to knock the truest
I spit the illest shit, ever been dropped to two inch
So ticky tock listen as the sound ticks on the clock
Listen to the sound of Kim as she licks on a cock
Listen to the sound of me spillin' my heart through this pen
Motherfuckers know that I'll never be Marshall again
Full of controversy until I retire my jersey
Till the fire inside dies and expires at thirty
And Lord have mercy on any more of these rappers that adverse me
And put a curse on authorities in the face of adversity, I'm a

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)

Eminem - Say Goodbye Hollywood Lyrics

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

(Hollywood)

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
(I feel this way)
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

I thought I had it all figured out I did
I thought I was tough enough to stick it out with Kim, but I wasn't
tough enough to juggle two things at once
I found myself planted on my knees in cuffs

Which shoulda been a reason enough for me to get my stuff and just leave
How come I couldn't just see this shit myself its me
Nobody coulda seen this shit I felt
Knowin' damn well she wasn't gonna be there when I fell to catch me

The minute she was seen she just bailed
I'm standin' and swingin' on like 30 people by myself
I couldn't even see the millimeter when it fell
Turned around saw Gary stashin' a heater in his belt

Saw the bouncers rush him and beat him to the ground
I just sold 2 million records I don't need to go to jail
I'm not about to lose my freedom over no female
I need to slow down, tryna get my feet on solid ground, so for now

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

(Hollywood)

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
(I feel this way)
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

Bury my face in comic books, 'cuz I don't wanna look
And nothing in this world is too much
I swallowed all I could

If I could swallow a bottle of tylenol I would
And hit it for good and say good bye to Hollywood

I prolly should 'cuz these problems are piled all at once
'Cuz everything that bothers me I got all bottled up
I think I'm bottoming out but I'm not about to give up
I gotta get up, thank God I got a little girl

Now I'm a responsible father so not alotta good
I'd be to my daughter layin' in the bottom of the mud
Must be in my blood 'cuz I don't know how to do it
All I know is that I don't want her following in the footsteps

Of my dad 'cuz I hate him so bad
Worst feeling I had was growing up to be like his fuckin' ass
Man if you could understand why I am the way that I am
What do I say to my fans when I tell 'em

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

(Hollywood)

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
(I feel this way)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

I don't wanna quit this shit, it feels like this is it
For me to have this much I feel like this is it
This is not a game this fame the real life is as sick
Publicity my ass, consume my fuckin' dick

Fuck the guns, I'm done I'll never look at gats
If I scrap, I'ma scrap it like I never wooped some ass
I love my fans but no one ever puts a grasp on the fact
That I sacrificed everything I had

I never dreamt I'd get to the level that I'm at
This is wack, this is more then I ever coulda asked
Everywhere I go I had a sweater, hood or mask
What about math? how come I wasn't never good at that

It's like the boy in a bubble who never could adapt I'm trapped
If I could go back, I never woulda rapped
I sold my soul to the devil, I'll never get it back
I just wanna leave this game with level head intact

Imagine going from bein' no one and seein' everything blow up
And all you did was grow up mceein'

It's fuckin' crazy, all I wanted was to give Hailey the life I never had
I've forced us to live alienated, so I'm sayin'

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

(Hollywood)

Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
(I feel this way)
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"
Say "Goodbye", say "Goodbye to Hollywood"

Goodbye

Goodbye Hollywood

Please don't cry for me

When I'm gone for good

So, goodbye

Goodbye Hollywood

Please don't cry for me

When I'm gone for good

Eminem - Drips Lyrics

Obie, yo I'm sick
Damn, you straight dog?

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk
I hadda bag of the skunk, one and last night's tunk
Pussy residue was on my penis, Denise, from the cleaners
Fucked me good, you should've seen us
Big booty bitch, switch unbearable
French role styling, body like a stallion
Sizing up the figure, while my shit gettin' bigger
Debating on to fuck her, do I wanna be a nigga

Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits
Sipping on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story
For surely your pussy on toast, after we toast
Our clothes fell like bishop and juice
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my john
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop

Response I got when I was knocking it
Clocks steading ticking, kinky finger licking
The cannon, seen us at my temple when she moans
I gotta slow down before I cum soon
And work that nigga, like a slave owner
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her
She foaming at the lips, the ones between the hips
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip

Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though
Pussy tighter than conditions of his black folks
Being a vinyl stretched, the last part of sex
I bust a fat ass nut then I woke up next
Like, what the fuck is going on here?
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all just picked up and vacated
And now I'm frustrated 'cause my dick was unprotected

And doctor Wesley telling me I ain't really got that shit, fuck

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

Now I don't wanna hit no women when this chicks got it coming
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach
And she's pregnant, but she's egging me on, begging me to throw her
Off the steps on this porch, my only weapon is force
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort
But whys she shoving me for doesn't she love me no more?
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?

Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours
And you found it isn't 'cause this bitch has been visiting
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips
When you get back to Michigan, now the plot has thickened 'n worse
'Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a horse

So you're paranoid at every little cold that you get
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick
So you go to the clinic, sweating every minute you're in it
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the menace
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby, it's AIDS
He ain't even gotta to call in you the office to say it
So you jet back home, 'cause you gone get that ho

When you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo
'Cause you love her, you never would've expect that blow
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this bitch works at the cleaner's
Bringing me home diseases swinging from Obie's penis
She's so deceiving, shit this ho's a genius, she geed us

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

I'm busy, yeah, fuck these bitches
Fuck em all, get money
Ha, shady records
Wow, Obie Trice
Eminem mother fucker
New millennium shit, yeah
Turn this shit off, turn this shit the fuck off

Eminem - Without Me Lyrics

Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks

Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside

Guess who's back
Back again
Shady's back
Tell a friend
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back

I've created a monster
'Cause nobody wants to see Marshall no more
They want Shady, I'm chopped liver
Well if you want Shady, this is what I'll give you
A little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor
Some vodka that'll jump start my heart quicker
Than a shock when I get shocked at the hospital
By the doctor when I'm not co-operating

When I'm rockin' the table while he's operating
You waited this long, now stop debating
'Cause I'm back, I'm on the rag and ovulating
I know that you got a job Ms.Cheney
But your husband's heart problem's complicating

So the FCC won't let me be
Or let me be me, so let me see
They try to shut me down on MTV
But it feels so empty, without me
So, come on and dip, bum on your lips
Fuck that, cum on your lips, and some on your tits
And get ready, 'cause this shit's about to get heavy
I just settled all my lawsuits, fuck you Debbie

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy

'Cause it feels so empty, without me

Little Hellions, kids feelin' rebellious
Embarrassed their parents still listen to Elvis
They start feelin' like prisoners helpless
'Til someone comes along on a mission and yells, bitch
A visionary, vision of scary
Could start a revolution, pollutin' the airwaves
A rebel, so just let me revel and bask
In the fact that I got everyone kissin' my ass

And it's a disaster, such a catastrophe
For you to see so damn much of my ass
You asked for me? Well I'm back
Fix your bent antenna tune it in and then I'm gonna
Enter in, endin' up under your skin like a splinter
The center of attention, back for the winter
I'm interesting, the best thing since wrestling
Infesting in your kid's ears and nesting

Testing, attention please
Feel the tension, soon as someone mentions me
Here's my ten cents, my two cents is free
A nuisance, who sent? You sent for me?

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me

A-tisket a-tasket, I go tit for tat with
Anybody who's talkin' this shit, that shit
Chris Kirk Patrick, you can get your ass kicked
Worse than them little Limp Bizkit bastards
And Moby? You can get stomped by Obie
You 36 year old baldheaded fag, blow me
You don't know me, you're too old, let go
It's over, nobody listen to techno

Now let's go, just gimme the signal
I'll be there with a whole list full of new insults
I been dope, suspenseful with a pencil
Ever since Prince turned himself into a symbol
But sometimes the shit just seems
Everybody only wants to discuss me
So this must mean I'm disgusting
But it's just me, I'm just obscene

No I'm not the first king of controversy
I am the worst thing since Elvis Presley
To do black music so selfishly
And used it to get myself wealthy
There's a concept that works
Twenty million other white rappers emerge
But no matter how many fish in the sea
It'll be so empty, without me

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me

Hum-die-die-la-la-la
Hum-die-die-la-la-la
La-la-la
La-la-la

Kids!

Eminem - Paul Rosenberg (Skit) Lyrics

Em, it's Paul, listen
Joel just called me and he told me
You're in the fucking back behind his studio
Shooting your gun off in the air like it's a shooting range

I told you not to fucking bring your gun around like an idiot
Outside of your home, you're gonna get yourself in trouble
Don't bring your gun outside of your home, you can't carry it on you
Leave your fucking gun at home

Eminem - Sing For The Moment Lyrics

These ideas are nightmares for white parents
Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes earrings
Like whatever they say has no bearin'
Its so scary in a house that allows no swearin'
To see him walkin' around with his headphones blarin'
Alone in his own zone cold and he don't care
He's a problem child what bothers him all comes out
When he talks about his fuckin' dad walkin' out
'Cos he hates him so bad that he blocks him out
But if he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out
His thoughts are whacked he's mad so he's talkin' back
Talkin' black brainwashed from rock and rap
He sags his pants two rags and a stockin' cap
His step father hit him so he socked him back
And broke his nose this house is a broken home
There's no control he just lets his emotions go
(C'mon)

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Entertainment is danger intertwine it with gangsters
In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Only you're unholy only have one homey
Only this gun lonely 'cuz don't anyone know me
But everybody just feels like they can relate
I guess words are a motherfucker they can be great
Or they can be great or even worse they can teach hate
Its like kids hang on every single statement we make
Like they worship us plus all the stores ship us platinum
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?
From standin' on corners and porches just rappin'
To havin' a fortune no more kissin' ass
But then these critics crucify you journalists try to burn you
Fans turn on you attorney's all gonna turn it to
To get their hands on every dime you have
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose canon
You need to spew don't hesitate to produce air guns
Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me

Swiftly just to get me off these streets quickly
But all their kids been listen to me religiously
So I'm signin' cds while police fingerprint me
They're for the judges daughter but his grudge is against me
If I'm such a fuckin' menace this shit doesn't make sense, Pete
It's all political if my music is literal and I'm a criminal
How the fuck can I raise a little girl?
I couldn't I wouldn't be fit to
You're full of shit too Guerrera that was a fist that hit you

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

They say music can alter moods and talk to you
But can it load a gun for you and cock it too?
Well if it can then the next time you assault a dude
Just tell the judge it was my fault and I'll get sued
See what these kids do is hear about us totin' pistols
And they want to get one 'cos they think the shit's cool
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves
We're entertainers of course this shit's affectin' our sales
You ignoramus but music is reflection of self
We just explain it and then we get our checks in the mail
It's fucked up ain't it how we can come from practically nothin'
To bein' able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing
Except for a dream and a fuckin' rap magazine
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all they songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
So they sit and they cry at night wishin' they die
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe
We're nothin' to you but we're the fuckin' shit in their eyes
That's why we seize the moment and try to freeze it and own it
Squeeze it and hold it 'cos we consider these minutes golden
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone
Just let our spirits live on through out lyrics that you hear in our songs
And we can

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear

(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Eminem - Superman Lyrics

Mmhh
You high baby?
Yeah
Yeah?
Ha ha ha, talk to me
You want me to tell you somethin'?
Uh huh
I know what you wanna hear

'Cuz I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

They call me Superman
Leap tall hoes in a single bound
I'm single now got no ring on this finger now
I'll never let another chick bring me down

In a relationship, save it bitch
Babysit, you make me sick
Superman ain't savin' shit
Girl you can jump on Shady's dick

Straight from the hip, cut to the chase
I'll tell a mo'fuckin slut to her face
Play no games, say no names
Ever since I broke up with what's her face

I'm a different man, kiss my ass
Kiss my lips, bitch why ask?
Kiss my dick, hit my cash

I'd rather have you whip my ass

Don't put out? I'll put you out
Won't get out? I'll push you out
Puss blew out, poppin' shit
Wouldn't piss on fire to put you out

Am I too nice? Buy you ice
Bitch if you died, wouldn't buy you life
What you tryin' to be, my new wife?
What you Mariah? Fly through twice

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come, they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Your Superman, your Superman

Don't get me wrong, I love these hoes
It's no secret everybody knows
Yeah we fucked, bitch so what?
That's about as far as your buddy goes

We'll be friends I'll call you again
I'll chase you around every bar you attend
You'll never know what kind of car I'll be in
We'll see how much you'll be partying then

You don't want that, neither do I
I don't wanna flip when I see you with guys
Too much pride between you and I
Not a jealous man, but females lie

But I guess that's just what sluts do
How could it ever be just us two?
I never loved you enough to trust you
We just met and I just fucked you

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
'Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

First thing you said
I'm not phased
I hang around big stars all day
I don't see what the big deal is anyway
You're just plain ol' Marshall to me

Ooh yeah girl run that game
Hailie Jade I love that name
Love that tattoo, what's that say?
'Rot in pieces' aww that's great

First off you don't know Marshall
At all so don't grow partial
That's ammo for my arsenal
I'll slap you off that bar stool

There goes another lawsuit
Leave handprints all across you
Good lordy-wody
You must be gone off that water bottle

You want what you can't have

Ooo girl that's too damn bad
Don't touch what you can't grab
End up with two back hands

Put Anthrax on a Tampax
And slap you till you can't stand
Girl you just blew your chance
Don't mean to ruin your plans

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
'Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Your Superman, your Superman

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman

Can't be your Superman

Can't be your Superman

Your Superman, your Superman

Superman

Eminem - Hailie's Song Lyrics

Yo

I can't sing it I feel like singin'
I wanna fuckin' sing 'cos I'm happy
Yeah, I'm happy I got my baby back
Yo, check it out

Some days I sit starin' out the window watchin' this world pass me by
Sometimes I think there's nothin' to live for I almost break down and cry
Sometimes I think I'm crazy, I'm crazy oh so crazy
Why am I here, am I just wastin' my time?
But then I see my baby suddenly I'm not crazy
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes, oh no

Sometimes it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos sometimes it feels like the world's almost over
But then she comes back to me

My baby girl keeps gettin' older I watch her grow up with pride
People make jokes 'cos they don't understand me
They just don't see my real side
I act like shit don't phase me inside it drives me crazy
My insecurities could eat me alive
But then I see my baby suddenly I'm not crazy
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes

Sometime's it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos sometimes it feels like the world's almost over
But then she come back to me

Yeh and if I could sing I'd keep singin' this song to my daughter
If I could hit the notes I'd blow somethin' as long as my father
To show her how I feel about her how proud I am that I got her?
God I'm a daddy I'm so glad that her mum didn't abort her
Now you prob'ly get this picture from my public persona
That I'm a pistol packin' drug addict who bags on his momma
But I wanna just take this time out to be perfectly honest
'Cos there's a lot of shit I keep bottled that hurts deep inside of my soul
And just know that I grow colder the older I grow
This boulder on my shoulder that gets heavy and harder to hold
And this load is like the weight of the world
And I think my neck is breakin' should I just give up
Or try to live up to these expectations?
Now look I love my daughter more than life in itself
But I got a wife who's determined to make my life livin' hell

But I handle it well given the circumstances I'm dealt
So many chances man it's too bad coulda had someone else
But the years that I've wasted are nothin' to the tears that I've tasted
So here's what I'm facin' three felonies six years of probation
I've went to jail for this woman I've been to bat for this woman
I've taken bats to people' backs bent over backwards for this woman
Man I shoulda seen it comin' why'd I stick my penis uppin'?
Woulda ripped the pre nup if I'd seen what she was fuckin'
But fuck it it's over there's no more reason to cry no more
I got my baby maybe the only lady that I adore Hailey
So sayonara try tomorrow nice to know ya
My baby's travelled back to the arms of her rightful owner
And suddenly it seems that my shoulder blades have just shifted
Its like the greatest gift you can get
The weight has been lifted

Now it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos my baby knows that her daddys a soldier
Nothin' can take her from me

I told you I can't sing oh well I tried
Hailie remember when I said
"If you ever need anything, daddy will be right there?
Well guess what? Daddy's here and I ain't goin' nowhere baby
I love you"

Eminem - Steve Berman (Skit) Lyrics

{This muthafucker man
It's ridiculous!
I can't believe it!
Ho-Hold on a minute
Em
What up?
Have a seat
Dre, I'll call you back
What now?
I don't even know where to start
Okay
I got the album from upstairs
And
And this is by far, the most
Incredible thing I've ever heard}

Eminem - When the Music Stops Lyrics

Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids
Sike!

If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow
Would you feel sorrow or show love
Or would it matter

Can never be the lead-off batter of things
Shit for me to feed off
I'm see-saw battling
But theres way too much at stake for me to be fake

There's too much on my plate
And I came way too far in this game to turn and walk away
And not say what I got to say
What the fuck you take me for? a joke? you smoking crack?

Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back
I get up 'for I get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out
I'm trying-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark
You all steady trying to drown the shark

Ain't gonna do nothing but piss me off
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off
See me leap out, pull the piece out, fuck shooting I'm just trying to knock his teeth out
Fuck with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle

Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you're really feeling froggish, leap
You're slim, you're gonna let him get away with that?
He tried to play you, you can't let him 'scape with that
Man I hate this crap, this ain't rap,

This is crazy the way we act
When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music stops

There ain't no getting rid of McVeigh
If so you would've tried
The only way I'm leaving this bitch is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with Hennessey,

Got drunk then I finished he
I'm every niggas favorite arch-enemy.
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef
I spark willingly with a dillinger in the dark diligently

I'm not what you think

I appear to be fucked up
Mentally endangered
I can't stay away from a razor

I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighbors for acres
I murder you
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of Sam, bitch, I'm surgical
I'll allergic to dying, you think not? you got balls? We can see how large
When the music stops

I was happy having a deal at first,
Thought money would make me happy but
It only made my pain worst,
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on you dawg

When you ain't got nothing left but your word and your balls
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends
Beggin' with they hands out
Checking for your record when its selling

When it ain't, that's the end, no laughs
No friends no girl
Just the gin you drink till you car spin you then

Damn!
U slam into the wall and you fall
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm

About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops

Let's see how many of your men loyal,
When I pull up looking for you,
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust your head would just explode

With red stuff I'm hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon
Braggin about how you shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you
Niggas, if I was you niggas, I'll run while given the chance
Understand I can enhance the spirit of man

Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of dying alone that really
Irks me, you ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark
Hug the floor while we plan tug-o-war with your life, fuck the tour and the mic

I'll rather fuck a whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga your a gonna at night

When The Music Stops

Instigators, turn pits in cages
Let loose and bit the neighbours wrist to razors

You all don't want war, you want talk
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof
Caved in like reindeer hoofs
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose
The more you all breach, the more I moves
This hill street, this is hardcore blues
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)
Or make the news betcha all you all move
When the Uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop

Music's changed my life in so many ways
Brains confused and fucked since the 5th grade
LL told me to rock the bells
NWA said fuck the police
Now I'm in jail
93 was strictly R&B
Fucked up hair cut
Listen to Jodeci
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike
Ass cheeks painted white
Fucking Presilla at night
Flying down sunset smoking crack
Transvestite in the front
Eddi Murphy in the back
MOP had me grindy and griddy
Marilyn Manson, I dyed my hair blue
And grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls
Now I'm in the hospital
Broken nose and a fractured elbow
Voices in my head, I'm going in shock,
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

Eminem - Say What You Say Lyrics

So I'm out the game huh?
Huh? {*echoes* Yo Dre, WE RIDIN?
Whatever
Haha! Well I'm witcha homies
Okaylet's handle the small shit

I was born to brew up storms and stir up shit
Kick up dust, CUSS 'til I slur up spit
Grew up - too quick went through too much do too much shit
Corrupt, and I'm a pour it on like syrup bitch
Thick and rich, sick and twisted, Mr. Buttersworth
Dre told me to milk the shit for what it's worth
'Til the cow just tilts and tips and stumbles to earth
{*Poof* And if I fumble the verse, keep goin
First take, I make mistakes, just keep it
No punches pulled no punches that's weak shit
Fake shit, if I ever take shit I'll EAT shit
Wasn't for him, wouldn't be shit

Creep wit me, as we take a lil' trip down memory lane
Been here longer than anyone in the game
And I ain't got to lie about my age
(But what about Jermaine?) Fuck Jermaine
He don't belong speakin mine or Timbaland's name
And don't think, I don't read
Your lil' interviews, and see what you're sayin
I'm a giant, and I ain't gotta move 'til I'm provoked
When I see you I'ma step on you and not even know it
You midget, Mini-Me with a bunch of little Mini-Yous
Runnin around your backyard swimmin pools
Over 80 million records sold
And I ain't have to do it with ten or eleven-year-olds

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember
How you said it when you were sprayin it
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Second verse, it gets worse, it gets no better than this
Amateurs drink veteran piss
From a Dixie Cup, if you ever mix me up
Or CONFUSE ME with a Canibus or Dre with a DUPRI
We'll rub it in, every club you're in will have you
Blackballed and make sure you never rap a-fuckin-gain
Dre ain't havin itlong as I'm here to play Devil's Advocate

If there was some magic shit

I could wave over the industry that could save it when I'm gone
And buried to make sure the tradition carries on, I would

If I could only use this power for good
I wouldn't not even if I could

From the hood and I'm a hornet
And I'ma only sting when I'm cornered

And I'ma only sucka punch and swing without warning
And swing to knock somebody's fuckin head off
Cause I know if they get up I won't get a chance to let off
Another punch I'm punk rock, no one's punk
Don't give a FUCK! White 'Pac, so much spunk
When I was little I knew I would blow up and sell a mill'
And grow up, to be Atilla, go nuts and be a pillar

And I'm, somethin of a phenom'
One puff of the chron', I'm unstoppable
I'm alive and on top again
There's no obstacle that I can't conquer
So come along with us (come on!)

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember
How you said it when you were sprayin it
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Now anybody who knows Dre
Knows I'm about fast cars and Alize, partyin all day
But I handle my business cause it's work before play
Don't look for trouble but I'll serve you gourmet
However you want it, you can have it your way
You fuck my night up I'ma fuck up your day
Bullet with your name, sendin it your way {*clack*
That goes for anyone who walks through that doorway
Cause this is my space, you invade it, live to regret it
And you die tryin to violate it
Fuck around, get annihilatedeyes dilated

Heh, like my old lady
Cause what you say is what you say, sometimes what you mean
Is two different things, dependin on your mood if it swings
Think too many things
Little hit of Dre's weed, I can do anything
Catch a contact then I'm gone and I'm back
I speed rightand my looseleaf's my launchpad

And I can pull any string
Don't have to prove anything, catch a contract on your head
You headed West, talk shit about Dre?
You better get a vest, and invest

In somethin to protect your head and neck

And it's back and forth all day like Red and Meth

I joke when I say I'm best

In the booth, but a lot of truth is said in jest

And if I ever do live to be a legend

I'ma die a sudden death

Five mics in The Source? Ain't holdin my fuckin breath

But I'll suffocate for the respect

'Fore I'll breathe to collect a fuckin check

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say

How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember

How you said it when you were sprayin it

So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Watch your fuckin mouth

Yo this Timbaland, tell them I said suck *chka* MY dick

Eminem - 'Till I Collapse Lyrics

'Cause sometimes you just feel tired, feel weak
And when you feel weak, you feel like you wanna just give up
But you got to search within you, and try to find that inner strength
And just pull that shit out of you
And get that motivation to not give up, and not be a quitter
No matter how bad you wanna just fall flat on your face and collapse

'Till I collapse I'm spilling these raps long as you feel 'em
'til the day that I drop you'll never say that I'm not killing 'em
'Cause when I am not, then I'mma stop penning 'em
And I am not Hip-Hop and I'm just not Eminem
Subliminal thoughts, when I'mma stop sending 'em?
Women are caught in webs, spin 'em and hock venom
Adrenalin shots, the penicillin could not get the illing to stop
Amoxicillin's just not real enough
The criminal cop-killing hip hop villain
A minimal swap to cop millions of Pac listeners
You're coming with me, feel it or not you're gonna fear it
Like I showed you the spirit of God lives in us
You hear it a lot, lyrics to shock
Is it a miracle or am I just product of pop fizzing up?
For shizzle my wizzle, this is the plot, listen up
You bizzles forgot, Slizzle does not give a fuck!

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse

Music is like magic, there's a certain feeling you get
When you real and you spit and people are feeling your shit
This is your moment, and every single minute you spend
Tryna hold on to it because you may never get it again
So while you're in it, try to get as much shit as you can
And when your run is over just admit when it's at its end
Because I'm at the end of my wits with half the shit gets in
I got a list, here's the order of my list that it's in
It goes Reggie, Jay-Z, 2Pac and Biggie
Andre from OutKast, Jada, Kurupt, Nas and then me
But in this industry I'm the cause of a lot of envy
So when I'm not put on this list, the shit does not offend me
That's why you see me walking 'round like nothing's bothering me
Even though half you people got a fuckin' problem with me

You hate it but you know respect you got to give me
The press's wet dream like Bobby and Whitney, Nate, hit me

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
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Soon as a verse starts, I eat at an MC's heart
What is he thinking? How not to go against me, smart
And it's absurd, how people hang on every word
I'll probably never get the props I feel I ever deserve
But I'll never be served, my spot is forever reserved
If I ever leave Earth, that would be the death of me first
'Cause in my heart of hearts I know nothing could ever be worse
That's why I'm clever when I put together every verse
My thoughts are sporadic, I act like I'm an addict
I rap like I'm addicted to smack like I'm Kim Mathers
But I don't want to go forth and back in constant battles
The fact is I would rather sit back and bomb some rappers
So this is like a full blown attack I'm launching at 'em
The track is on some battling raps who want some static?
'Cause I don't really think that the fact that I'm Slim matters
A plaque and platinum status is wack if I'm not the baddest, so

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse

Until the roof
(Until the roof)
The roof comes off
(The roof comes off)
Until my legs
(Until my legs)
Give out from underneath me

I will not fall, I will stand tall
Feels like no one can beat me

Eminem - My Dad's Gone Crazy Lyrics

Intro:

Tuning Tv

*Eminem Snortin Crack

Tv Presenter:

Hello boys and girls

Today we're gonna talk about father and daughter relationships

Do you have a daddy?

I'll bet you do

Door opens

who's your daddy?

Hailie:

Daddy, what're you doing?

Beat starts

Eminem:

Haha

Eminem & Hailie:

Ok then! everybody, listen up!

Eminem:

I'm goin to hell, who's comin' with me?

Hailie:

Somebody, please help him!

giggle

i think my dad gone crazy!

Verse #1:

There's no mountain i can't climb

There's no tower too high,

No plane that i can't learn how to fly

What do i gotta do to get through to you, destroy you

There ain't nothing i can't take this chainsaw to

Hailey Makes Chainsaw Sound

Fuckin' brain's brawn, and brass balls

I cut 'em off, i got 'em pickled and bronzed in a glass jar

Inside of a hall, with my framed autograph,

Sunglasses with elton john's name, on my drag wall

I'm out the closet, i been lying my ass off

All this time, me and dre been fucking with hats off

Dr Dre:

Suck it marshall

Eminem:

Tell laura and her husband to back off
Before i push this motherfucking button and blast off
And launch one of these russians, and that's all
Hailie Makes Explosion Sound
Blow every fucking thing, except afghanistan on the map, off
We wanna stop, we wanna knock the crap off
Knocking
Haley, tell 'em baby

Haley:

My dad's lost it

Chorus:

Eminem:

There's really nothin' else to say ha, i can't explain it

Hailie:

I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:

A little help from hailie jade would, should tell them maybe

Hailie:

I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:

Theres nothing you could do to save it, could ever change me

Hailie:

I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:

There's noone on earth that can save me, not even halie

Hailie:

I think my dad gone crazy!

Verse 2:

It's like my mother always told me

Eminem Impersinates His Mom

Rnrnrnrnrnr, n codeine n goddamit, you little motherfucker

If you aint got nothin' nice to say then don't say nothin'

Er..

Fuck that shit, bitch, eat a motherfuckin' dick

Chew on a prick, and lick a million motherfuckin' cocks for second

I'd rather put out a motherfucking gospel record

I'd rather be a pussy-whipped bitch, eat pussy

And have pussy-lips glued to my face with a clit-ring in my nose

Then quit bringin my flos, quit giving me my ammo

Can't you see why i'm so mean? if y'all leave me alone, this wouldn't be my ammo

I wouldn't have to go eenie meenie minie mo
Catch a homo by his toe, man i don't know no more
Am i the only fuckin one who's normal any more?

Hailey:
Dad

Chorus

Verse #3:

My songs can make you cry, take you by surprise
And at the same time, make you dry your eyes with the same rhyme
So what you're seeing is a genius at work
Which to me isn't work, so it's easy to misinterpret it at first,
Cuz when i speak, it's tongue in cheek
I'd gank my fuckin teeth before id ever bite my tongue
I'd slice my gums, get struck by fuckin' lightning twice at once
And die and come back as vanilla ice's son
And walk around the rest of my life spit on
And kicked and hit with shit, every time i sung
Like r kelly as soon as "bump n' grind" comes on
More pain inside o' my brain, in the eyes of a little girl inside of a plane
Aimed at the world trade, standin' on ronny's grave,
Screaming at the sky, the clouds gather as clyde mathers and bonnie jade
And nash briddy musta just stop it
Parents are pissed, but the kids love it
Nine millimeter, heater's desk, and two-seaters with meat cleavers
I don't blame you, i wouldn't let hailie listen to me neither

Chorus

Outro:
Eminem:
Crazy

Hailie:
laughs
You're funny daddy!

Eminem - Curtains Close (Skit) Lyrics

Is this thing on? Where'd everybody go?
Guess who's back? Back again
Ken is back, tell some men
Rub my back, rub my back, rub my back, rub my back
Eh, wait hello? Eh, goodnight